

Children's Department.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little dog is covered with dust,
But steady and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.
"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, todding off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.
Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years
through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.
—Eudene Field.

HOW HAROLD HELPED.

EMMA B. GNAGEY.

"I don't see how I'm going to get the hay in," said Mr. Marlowe at the supper table one evening. "What is in the way? I thought you had hired men to help already," said Mrs. Marlowe. "I had, but I was informed this afternoon of the sickness of Joe Green. So you see he will not be able to help. And Mr. Henzy was called away on some very important business and says he cannot come. I ran over the whole country this afternoon it seemed to me, and could find no one who could help me," he answered. Then followed a conversation between the two as to what he had better do, for Mrs. Marlowe at once became interested in this. But she was not the only one who was interested. Three year old Harold who sat at the table eating bread and milk from a silver porringer also became interested. His large, blue eyes grew larger still and so thoughtful while papa and mama were speaking. He was planning a 'wovely 'sprise' for papa.

Harold awoke unusually early next morning and, after a hurried breakfast went out to carry out his plans. He took his wagon and began to pull grass and throw it in. Just as he was through with his work mama called him, and on entering the house he met Uncle Will, who had come to take him along to town to spend a few days with him. Harold was ever so much pleased but more excited. Indeed he was so excited that he forgot all about the hay making. If he had remem-

bered it I am sure he would have refused to go, for he possessed such a loving little heart and would have done anything to help his parents. By the time his visit was over and he was once more at home the grass in the wagon which had been standing out in the sun during his absence, was quite dry. How delighted he was. He clapped his hands and said, "Oh, dear, it's really and truly hay! Won't papa be pleased?" With what joy he ran off to meet papa and tell him how he had tried to help him. "Bless his little heart," said Mr. Marlowe. "You did help, to be sure." "Did I truly," asked, Harold. "Yes, indeed," answered papa. And then Harold had the pleasure of going to the barn with papa, and feed the hay to old Bossy. And she ate it just like she ate the hay that papa made," Harold said when he and papa told mama the story.

HOW BILLY CAME AND WENT.

A True Story.

HELEN WARD BANKS.

Billy came to the Stanlakes because Sallie had made papa understand that she could not be happy without something to drive, and that she could not harness into a wagon her chickens or her lamb or her cats or her birds.

Billy was such a big fellow and had such strong horns that Sallie was a little afraid of him. But she stepped into the wagon and picked up the reins, while Brother Ben let go his hold on Billy's head. Then what a scramble! Up the road and around the corner, wherever Billy chose to go, with Ben chasing after. But Ben could not catch him, and Billy did not stop until he was tired. Sallie, brave and shaken, stepped out of the wagon.

"I think," she said, "I won't drive him till he gets tame."

So Billy was left to wander about, and Sallie kept out of the way of his long horns. But Billy and Norah, the cook, became enemies at once.

On the outside of the kitchen window were solid wooden shutters. Billy soon found he could unlatch these with his horns, and a dozen times a day he would shut Norah in the dark. She chased him with her broom, but Billy was always too quick for her, and she could only shake her stick at him from the kitchen door, which he didn't mind at all, but began to nibble at the dish towels which Norah had spread on the grass to dry.

And as Billy came to the Stanlakes' because of Sallie, he went away because of Norah.

One day, not finding enough dish towels to eat, Billy was pretty hungry. No-

rah was going out and stood at the gate in her best shawl, quite forgetting Billy. Presently she felt a pull at her shawl, and there was naughty Billy munching the fringe.

"Ah, go on wid ye, ye black rascal!" Norah cried, clapping her hands. But it was too late. Billy scampered away, but he left a large hole in the shawl.

"What kind of a baste are ye?" Norah said, but then she had to stop and clap her hands again. Master Billy was standing on his hind legs under the clothesline, taking for dessert the sleeve of papa's very nicest shirt. At Norah's shout Billy dropped on his four legs and tried to run away.

The open kitchen door looked safe, and in Billy ran. But there he was worse off than ever, for he was shut in. The fire was on the opposite side of the room, and to get away from Norah's broom Billy leaped up on the range.

Then he forgot Norah and her broom. He had never walked on so hot a floor before. Up came one foot and then another, and Billy was dancing a jig.

He did not know enough to get down, and Norah was laughing too hard to help him. So there he danced till Sallie and Ben came and drove him out.

"Ah, ha, Masther Billy!" Norah said, wiping the tears from her eyes. "You'll not be playin' your thricks again on me, mayhap."

And he never did. That night papa said:

"Don't you think we might let Billy go home again, Sallie?" and Sallie answered, with a sigh:

"Yes, papa. He's beautiful, but he doesn't get very tame, and it is pretty expensive feeding him on shawls and shirts."

And this is how Billy came and went.
—The Outlook.

THREE THINGS.

Three things to fight for—Honor, country and home.

Three things to love—Courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to think about—Life, death and eternity.

Three things to govern—Temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to delight in—Frankness, freedom and beauty.

Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to avoid—Idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to wish for—Health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to admire—Intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.